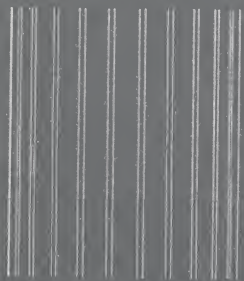




COLUMBIA LIBRARY COLUMNS



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Columbia Library Columns

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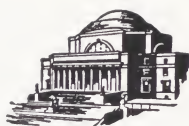
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Alexandrina Vereshchagina. Portrait by Léon Noël, 1838.



COLUMBIA LIBRARY COLUMNS



Lermontov and His Friends

HELEN MICHAILOFF

IN HER time Alexandrina Vereshchagina (1810-1873) would have laughed her pretty head off had some one predicted that her poetry albums—books filled with artistic contributions from friends each girl kept in those days—would find a place of honor among the rarities of the Rare Book and Manuscript Library at Columbia University, in, of all places on earth, New York City. Yet on the second thought she would have agreed that the honor was well deserved since she had always firmly believed in the future greatness of a distant relative of hers, Mikhail Lermontov (1814-1841).

Although Alexandrina's education was typical for a Russian girl of an aristocratic family, it left a deeper imprint on her mind than was usually the case, directing her interests toward literature and arts. Her character combined a natural gravity and a deep sense of duty with a bent for sarcastic humor and even mischief, and it must have been that latter propensity that drew her to the future poet aged fifteen or sixteen when they met in Moscow some time after 1827. The clumsy bow-legged boy with the head too big for his body, whose swarthy face was redeemed from ugliness only by a pair of large expressive eyes, and whose sarcastic tongue served to protect his sensitivity and shyness, attracted Alexandrina's sympathetic interest, and she became a companion in social amusements, a guide in his pursuits of literary success and a con-

fidante in his affairs of the heart, which were turbulent and numerous. She always treated her "cousin" with sincere sisterly affection and throughout his life remained one of the few people able to exercise a beneficial restraint on Mikhail's restless nature.



Cartoon entitled "Adorator" in Lermontov's hand,
drawn in Alexandrina Vereshchagina's album.

In the spring and summer of 1830 the young poet was captivated by Alexandrina's friend, Katya Sushkova, whom he dubbed "Miss Black Eyes." The three of them spent several magic weeks at Serednikovo, a magnificent estate of Lermontov's great-uncle near Moscow. That romantic vacation enriched Russian literature

by a number of poetic gems from Mikhail's pen via the albums of the two girls. The infatuation with Katya ended in a heartbreak: the spoiled society beauty, two years the poet's senior, looked down upon the ungainly youth, a mere high-school student, and mocked his poetic offerings.

Mikhail's despair did not last long. Soon a pair of "serene gentle eyes" became his lodestars. But those, too, looked with disfavor upon the youthful gallant, and the poet had to concede another defeat. The spring of 1832, however, cured all the wounds of the past. Now he fell in love with Alexandrina's cousin, Varvara Lopukhina, a girl a year or two his junior, intelligent and charming, if not beautiful in the conventional sense. This time his feelings were reciprocated and Mikhail was transported with bliss. It was Varvara now for whom Mikhail wrote poems and whose album he filled with numerous drawings.

That was doubtlessly the happiest period in Lermontov's short life, and it came to a sudden end all too soon. What separated the sweethearts we shall never know for certain. Possibly the girl's relatives believed the two to be too young for marriage, possibly they distrusted Mikhail's unsettled character and requested him to cease all association with Varvara for some length of time. Whatever caused the break, the fall of 1832 found Lermontov in St. Petersburg, enrolled in the Army Cadet School,—the first tragic step on his way to self-destruction.

At that point the paths of the three friends parted. In 1835 Varvara married a certain Nikolai Bakhmetev, a wealthy man twenty years older than she. The apparent incompatibility of the couple was intensified by Mr. Bakhmetev's inordinate jealousy of the poet and turned the marriage into an endless torment for the young woman. Although he knew that Varvara's relations with Lermontov had not exceeded a boy-and-girl flirtation, Bakhmetev compelled his wife to destroy everything she had ever received from Mikhail. By eliminating every trace of the artist's identity

she succeeded in saving only one souvenir of her first love—her album with Lermontov's drawings.

Alexandrina married Baron Karl von Hügel in 1837 and settled for good on her husband's family estate, the Castle of Hochberg,

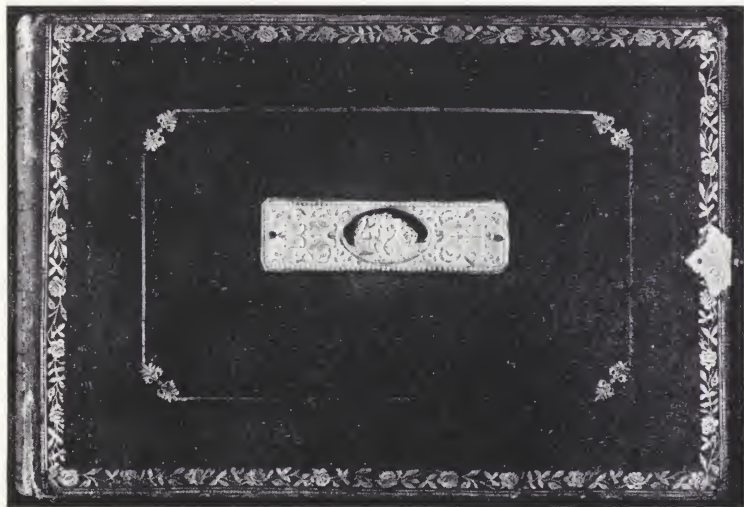


Lermontov's satiric drawing of two astonished gentlemen.

near Stuttgart, Germany. Shortly before her death in 1858, Varvara, visiting some European spa, saw her cousin once more and entrusted to her safe-keeping the mementos she had preserved from her husband's destructive fury.

Baroness von Hügel, who maintained correspondence with Ler-

montov until his death, kept the poet's memory green to the end of her days. She lovingly preserved and passed down to her children her Lermontov collection, and in 1856 she had two of Lermontov's poems, "The Angel of Death" (dedicated to her) and



Front cover of the album owned by Varvara A. Lopukhina-Bakhmeteva.

"The Demon" published in Germany, for their publication was forbidden in Russia.

The Lermontoviana amassed by Alexandrina was cherished by her descendants and handed down from one generation to the next. The materials remained inaccessible to outsiders until 1934 when they were auctioned off together with other items of the von Hügel property. The albums were acquired in the 1950's by the Columbia Libraries.

The set consists of three books. It is surprising how well they have worn their 140 odd years: the Morocco leather of their covers feels soft and supple to the touch, the pages are unfrayed, the ink on them stands out black and clear. The oldest of them,

which covers the years 1808-1822, belonged to Alexandrina's mother and is of interest as the record of literary tastes and social contacts of a cultured Russian family of the early nineteenth century.



Watercolor portrait of Varvara Lopukhina-Bakhmeteva,
painted by the poet in her album.

Alexandrina's album contains eight autograph poems, some reflecting Lermontov's infatuation with Sushkova, others unrelated to it. Among those is his well-known "Angel," the loftiest religious poem in all world literature. His graphic contributions are represented by nine cartoons which apparently lampoon mutual acquaintances. At this late date no identification of the characters is possible.

Varvara's book offers seventeen drawings (plus two unfinished ones) in watercolor, ink, or pencil. Three of them, however, do not resemble Lermontov's manner and their authenticity must be left in doubt. The most interesting of the drawings are: its owner's portrait as Lermontov saw her when they met after her marriage (he introduced the young woman in the same pose and dress as the heroine of his unfinished novel *Princess Ligovskaya*); and the picture of *Achille*, a Negro servant of Varvara's brother, also depicted in one of Lermontov's poems.

Until their recent reproduction in "Russian Literature Triquarterly," (No. 10, Fall, 1974-Spring, 1975, Ann Arbor, Michigan) only Varvara's portrait was known to the public at large through a copy ordered by the poet's first biographer. But comparison with the original shows that the copyist failed completely to capture the fragile charm of the woman's face. The entire album "reads" like an exchange of love letters, wordless but nonetheless eloquent.

There is some poetic justice in the fact that such deeply personal souvenirs of the poet have found their permanent home in the West. The Lermontovs proudly traced their descent from Duke de Lerma, a Spanish grandee forced to flee to Scotland where he founded the family of Learmonths among whom was Thomas the Rhymer, a Scottish bard of the thirteenth century. The Spanish part of the legend has apparently no leg to stand upon, but the lineal connection with the Learmonths of Scotland can be considered established. In his early teens the poet was greatly taken by his family history: he signed his name "Lerma" and in two of his poems expressed his longing to visit "my" Scotland.

Mikhail was a precocious youth, highly gifted in various arts, and his grandmother, who had raised him, saw to it that his talents were fully developed. Already as a child he spoke French and German, and was fond of modeling, drawing, and music. Versifying came to him as easily and naturally as breathing, and by the time he was fifteen, he had written a large number of poems—

mostly imitations and translations that served as training for his pen. At the University Preparatory School in Moscow, where he was brought in 1827, his talents found recognition. His poems were praised and published in the school magazines, his drawings



Lermontov's watercolor sketch of a usurer.

carried off prizes, and his performance on the violin earned him the honor of playing at the graduation concert.

At that juncture he seemed to be wavering between painting and writing as a career. But a new, powerful influence, Byron's poetry (in the original English), swayed him toward literature. Painting, however, remained for him an alternate way of self-expression, complementing his literary works and in turn complemented by them. Although Lermontov never achieved a professional mastery in drawing, his graphic productions possess such individuality and power that they cannot be overlooked in the discussion of his creative art. For literary scholars his drawings

serve as supplemental comments on the poet's literary works and as a means of obtaining insight into his subconscious.

Lermontov's sudden decision in 1832 to enter the Army Cadet School was a tragic mistake, for though by sheer will power he



Pencil drawing of a cellist by Lermontov.

shaped himself into a devil-may-care hussar, he was obviously unfit for army life and was suffocating in the atmosphere of the military routine. He continued writing poetry and prose but refused to submit anything for publication, believing that he had not yet reached the perfection he was aiming at. His press debut occurred in 1835 much against his wish: a relative of his submitted the poem to an editor without the author's knowledge. The work was noticed and mildly praised. In 1837 the poet shot up to sudden and country-wide fame with his poem bewailing the death of

Pushkin. The verses circulated by his friends in a manuscript form contained an attack on high court circles and earned their author a transfer from the capital to the battlefields of the Caucasus. The banishment proved to be a blessing in disguise: it pulled the pleasure-seeking hussar out of the mire of his St. Petersburg surroundings and brought him in close contact with everything he loved. As the hostilities were suspended that year (March 1837–April 1838), he was free to travel all over the region, collecting local folklore, sketching the majestic scenery. Nine months later he was pardoned by the tsar and returned to the capital to bask in the sunshine of his literary success. Now he felt that his talent had matured enough and he no longer hesitated to offer the reading public his works which drew to a great extent upon his experiences in the Caucasus.

Unfortunately that happy period of fruitful creative work did not last long. In 1840 Lermontov became involved in a quarrel with the son of the French ambassador. A challenge to a duel followed. Although the encounter had no grave consequences, he was court-martialed and again transferred to the Active Army in the Caucasus. This time he found himself in the midst of military operations, which, too, provided a wealth of materials for his poetry and painting.

Another duel in consequence of a petty quarrel with a former fellow officer put a sudden tragic end to Lermontov's life so full of promise (July 15/28, 1841) and deprived Russia of her most brilliant writer since Pushkin. Not yet twenty-seven when he died, Mikhail Lermontov left behind over 400 lyrics, 25 narrative poems (some unfinished), 5 plays, a complete novel, several prose tales (mostly unfinished) and a no less astonishing number of pictures—12 oil paintings, 55 watercolors, and close to 400 drawings and sketches in ink or pencil.

But that wealth of the poet's heritage was discovered and reached the reading public half a century later. At the time of his

death Lermontov's fame rested on some forty odd poems and a novel published during his lifetime. But so great was the impact of Lermontov's poetry and personality upon his readers that the de-



Pencil sketch by Lermontov of a group dancing the quadrille.

mand for posthumous editions of his works kept soaring, and the financial success of those publications spurred the publishers to undertake extensive searches for Lermontov's verses. So energetic were their efforts in that direction that they caused a controversy among literary critics, some maintaining that the poet's wish to offer the public only his best should be respected, others insisting that Lermontov's early death made it imperative to acquaint his admirers with everything that had come from his pen. The latter opinion prevailed, and the commemorative edition of 1889-91 appeared in five volumes of collected works plus one volume of biographical information. The materials had come from the old notebooks and manuscripts the poet had left with his relatives, who stubbornly opposed their publication on the ground that the poet himself had discarded them as too weak.

In Russia, Lermontov and Alexander Pushkin share the distinction of being the major national poets. And with good reason, too. As far as versification techniques go, Lermontov's achievement lies in the skill with which he employed in his poetry simple con-



Portrait of Lermontov painted by A. Chelyshev, ca. 1833.

versational language, doing away with the traditional "high style" of poetic composition, the device he had borrowed from Byron. Lermontov's poems abound in rich imagery. He is fond of striking comparisons and similes, of vivid adjectives, and bright colors. He paints pictures with words and sees his graphic compositions

with the eye of the romantic poet he was. His poetry has a broad appeal due to the unique musicality of his verse and the all-embracing scope of his themes, which range from tenderest love lyrics to bawdies, from heartfelt prayers to mocking defiance of religion, from messianic prognoses of the state of Russian society to soldiers' emotions on the battlefield. And through all his works runs the red thread of the poet's deep sympathy for the underdog and his impassioned protest against everything that limits individual growth.

Outside Russia Lermontov's works are little known to the public at large. Poetry is untranslatable: preserving the meter of the original requires additions and omissions of words which destroys the effect; prose renditions rob the poems of melody, their main charm. For this reason few of Lermontov's poems have been translated into English, and those that have been fail to justify the high renown in which he is held, as a poet, in his own country. His novel, *A Hero of Our Time*, acclaimed as the first Russian psychological novel, has been translated into all major European languages. The translations, however, appeared too late in the day, when other heroes held the reader's attention, to attract notice on a large scale. Lermontov's plays are highly melodramatic and bombastic. Only one of them, *The Masquerade*, has become part of the Russian theater repertoire.

Little is known about the man Lermontov really was. Few documents survived the thorough expurgation carried out after the poet's death by his relatives and friends, who feared unflattering publicity. None of his letters that came down to us reveal Lermontov's philosophical or literary position. A great number of his manuscripts and drawings are known to have perished as well, through accident, negligence or wilful destruction. Therefore materials like the Vereshchagina albums are an exciting triumph over time and circumstances.

Nicholas Murray Butler:

Columbia's "Nicholas Miraculous"

ALBERT MARRIN

N EARLY three-quarters of a century has passed since that day in April, 1902, when, a few days after his thirty-ninth birthday, Nicholas Murray Butler became one of the youngest university presidents in the history of American higher education. In those halcyon days before the First World War, the twelfth president of Columbia University was a personage to be reckoned with in several areas of national life; indeed few university presidents have ever enjoyed a like prominence for so long a time. An educational statesman rather than simply an educator, he had long enjoyed a reputation as a theorist, a publicist, and a reformer. Virtually single-handed, he had created Teachers College. It was largely owing to his efforts that, for better or worse, at the turn of the century a central Board of Education was created in New York City to replace the multitude of corruption-ridden local school boards. Butler, moreover, was the exemplar of what Thorstein Veblen termed the "captain of erudition," the new type of efficient, businesslike administrator then beginning to dominate higher education. As Butler once remarked, running Columbia University was exactly like running a railroad. Although the foundations of Columbia's eminence had been laid by his predecessor, Seth Low, whose mausoleum-like monument to his father dominates the campus, it was during the forty-four years of Butler's stewardship that Columbia grew from a small university with a local reputation into a national institution with an international reputation and influence. Well might Theodore Roosevelt dub him "Nicholas Miraculous Butler," after St. Nicholas Thaumaturgis, the "Miracle Worker."

Educational administration was but one area for Butler's restless energies and varied interests. Butler was a politician to his fingertips. Even as a youngster growing up in Paterson, New Jersey, he had been fascinated by politics, marching in parades and taking



Butler (left) on the steps of City Hall, April 11, 1931, with Mayor Walker and Prince and Princess Takamatsu of Japan.

part in his father's unsuccessful campaign for the mayoralty of the town. As an undergraduate, as a professor of philosophy, as first dean of the Faculty of Philosophy, and finally as president of the University, he indulged his predilection for politics with gusto. William Allen White called him the "insider of insiders"; for not only was he a power in the New York State Republican Party, but through his friendship with Theodore Roosevelt, William

Howard Taft, and Warren G. Harding he was able to give advice on issues of national concern, as well as on federal appointments ranging from customs officers at the Port of New York to ambassadors, secretaries of state, and justices of the United States Supreme Court. Furthermore, he sought to project his influence into foreign affairs. It was he, more than anyone else, who persuaded Andrew Carnegie to launch the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace in 1910 and who, in 1928, initiated a national debate on the Kellogg-Briand Pact outlawing war as an instrument of national policy, an activity that earned him a Nobel Peace Prize, shared with Jane Addams, in 1931.

Butler has always been a controversial figure. Mentioning his name in certain quarters today will rouse otherwise even-tempered men to profanity; for others he remains the master builder, the creator or guiding spirit of innumerable undertakings devoted to the public welfare and enlightenment. He elicited a like range of reactions from his contemporaries. H. L. Mencken, one seldom given to understatement, exempted him alone from his tirades against university presidents. "As a class," Mencken announced in 1924, "they are platitudinous and nonsensical enough, God knows. But there is at least one among them, Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia, who actually says something when he speaks." Benjamin Cardozo, a former student in logic, spoke of him as the physician whom the ailing world summons to its bedside "when the fever pains and ague rack it too severely for endurance and it would learn the path to health."

The less complimentary side of the coin seems, on balance, to have been evident through the years. From the beginning of his career until practically the day he died, Butler was the subject of hostile, sometimes vicious, criticism. As president of Columbia University, he was known as an autocrat, a "Czar Nicholas" in an era when Czardom conjured visions of pogroms and knout-wielding Cossacks, and as a foe of academic freedom. The historian Charles A.

Beard, the composer Edward MacDowell, and Joel Elias Spingarn, a brilliant literary critic and founder of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, were all supposedly victims of Butler's high-handedness. An undergraduate publication cited his delusions of grandeur: "The University," he reputedly said, paraphrasing Louis XIV, "it is I." The obvious pleasure he derived from associating with Morgans, Carnegies, Dodges, and Harknesses branded him for others a hypocritical materialist. The Muckraker Upton Sinclair, a former student, considered him "the interlocking president" and "the intellectual leader of the American plutocracy." Robert M. La Follette, a lifelong antagonist, assailed him before the Senate as "the handyman of privilege" and a "bootlicker of men of fortune," while Justice Harlan Fiske Stone, formerly dean of the Law School, held him in contempt for his "shallow righteousness and ubiquitous currying of favor" with the mighty. His predilection for befriending foreign statesmen who subsequently became repugnant to the American public exposed him to attack from still another quarter. During the First World War, zealous "patriots" cited his friendship with Kaiser William II as proof of his sympathy with Prussian authoritarianism; his acquaintance with, and occasionally too-easy praise for, Benito Mussolini made him a "Lover of Dictatorships." Yet in 1940, when he summoned the nation to cast its lot with the Allies against the Axis powers, radicals from left and right discovered a common cause. While the *Daily Worker* berated Butler the capitalist war-monger, Senator Bennett Champ Clark, Democrat from Mississippi, thundered against the "senile reactionary," "professional propagandist," and "pothouse Republican politician."

For all the controversy, Butler remains a man of mystery. It is ironic that so notable and influential a man should have been overlooked by the academic community whose interests he strove to further. Whereas there exist excellent biographies of many of his peers among university presidents, he has been virtually ignored

by historians. Thus far no article has appeared about him in the *Dictionary of American Biography*—all of which suggests that Nicholas Murray Butler may be the most neglected near-great personality in recent American history.

The materials for remedying this deficiency exist in abundance. The Butler papers in the Columbia University library's manuscript division, supplemented by those of his associates—John W. Burgess, Seth Low, Brander Matthews, John B. Pine, Harry Thurston Peck, J. M. Cattell—and the magnificent oral history collection, enable us to gain a more intimate view of this remarkable man and his times.

When he became president of Columbia University, Butler was a middle-sized man with a bullet-shaped head, brown hair receding from the forehead, blue eyes, and bristling mustache. Solidly built and athletic, Butler at thirty-nine was an enthusiastic horseman and hiker capable of walking forty-five miles in twelve hours over rough Adirondack roads. As he grew older, he exhibited a tendency to paunchiness; his hair, graying, eventually receded from forehead to crown, thereby giving the head an appearance of massiveness; heavy folds under the eyes suggested age, but the brightness and penetrating quality of the eyes continued to suggest youthfulness. As a rule, he enjoyed good health, having no serious illnesses or problems until well-on in years, and then almost exclusively with his vision.

Despite his busy schedule, Butler made heroic efforts to pursue intellectual interests and to keep abreast of scholarship in many areas, a resolve aided by an ability to read rapidly and with a high degree of comprehension. And he read a lot, boasting that he used the University libraries more than any faculty member, a claim confirmed by the librarians themselves. Constance M. Winchell recalled him in her oral history memoir as an "omnivorous reader . . . [who] just devoured books." He had an excellent memory for names, faces and quotations, the latter sprinkled generously

throughout his speeches. When, however, he forgot the exact wording of a quotation or its source, life could become miserable for



Butler and his daughter, Sarah, on board ship returning from a European holiday, August 1926.

the junior reference librarians. On one occasion a library assistant read through an entire session of *Hansard's Parliamentary Debates* to verify a quotation; another time, Butler wanted a French quo-

tation from Montesquieu verified, a task involving a page-by-page, line-by-line, search of his works in fourteen volumes. When located in volume thirteen, Butler's recollection of the statement was exactly correct.

Butler's regular literary fare consisted of the *Congressional Record*, where his own speeches might be found reprinted at the request of a friendly senator or congressman, biographies of statesmen—Alexander Hamilton, Bismark, Gladstone, and Disraeli were favorites—and classics in philosophy and political theory, particularly *The Federalist*. His planned reading for the summer of 1941, when he was seventy-nine years of age, consisted, he said, of works "much too great to be well-known": Spengler's *Decline of the West*, Mosca's *The Ruling Class*, Ortega y Gasset's *The Revolt of the Masses*, *The Letters of Sir Frederick Pollock* and *Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes*. He was also an avid reader of newspapers, consulting perhaps a dozen on a regular basis. Once, when the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace was preparing a mailing list of the principal newspapers in the United States, Butler amazed an assistant by ticking off the names of dozens of papers ranging from the *Springfield Republican* to the *Argonaut* of San Francisco, including in most cases the name of the publisher or managing editor, or both.

Butler's active life and broad range of interests exacted their price in terms of his ongoing intellectual development. Save for the years of graduate study at Columbia and a year at the University of Berlin in the mid-eighteen-eighties, Butler read widely but not deeply. He seldom went to the heart of a subject outside his chosen fields of philosophy and education; and even in these fields he tended to lose touch, not to mention sympathy, with new developments. In politics no less than in education, he denounced progressivism as nonsensical and un-American. When current developments highlighted shortcomings in an area where he thought he ought to express an opinion, he was likely to seek a royal road to expert knowledge. In 1931 we find him writing to the Columbia

economist Edwin R. A. Seligman for "some book or pamphlet" containing the essential facts on the national debt, ammunition which he intended to use against advocates of deficit spending. It was not surprising that this approach opened him to charges of superficiality and dilettantism.

Although Butler considered himself a serious intellectual, he never cast his thought into a single, ordered exposition. His thought must be extracted from the more than 3,200 essays, speeches, reviews, reports, interviews, introductions, and press releases catalogued in M. H. Thomas's *Bibliography of Nicholas Murray Butler, 1872-1932* and published since then. In the sense that a book is a sustained treatment of a limited theme, Butler never wrote a book. His master's thesis on Kant and doctoral dissertation in logic, which might have qualified as such, disappeared when Columbia moved from the old campus at Forty-Ninth Street and Madison Avenue to Morningside Heights in the eighteen-nineties. His many "books" are collections of speeches, articles originally presented as speeches, and interviews; he even published his 1875 valedictory from Paterson High School. His book reviews, written primarily for the *Educational Review*, of which he was founder and editor, were hastily composed and brief, rarely more than a paragraph in length. The books to be reviewed were selected from among those on a shelf in his office containing ten or fifteen feet of current publications. He would go over the entire shelf in an hour, get an idea of the contents of each book, select those to be reviewed, and dictate the review to a secretary.

His best-known work, the two-volume *Across the Busy Years*, is not properly a book either. Its title, though, is aptly chosen, for it consists of articles published separately in *Scribner's Magazine* and elsewhere during twenty-three of the busiest years of his life, 1916-1939. Nor is it an autobiography, for it lives up to its subtitle "Recollections and Reflections" only occasionally. Although Butler preserved all manner of memorabilia—calling cards, invitations, menus, ticket stubs, banquet seating plans—he was a secretive

man. Nowhere in his writings is he candid about himself; indeed, certain subjects were absolutely taboo. What we know of the inner man must often be ascertained from unintentionally revealing remarks, a deductive process with strong limitations. The memory of his mother, for example, "is too sacred to be made a matter of record." He abandoned Theodore Roosevelt in the Presidential election of 1912 "for reasons that I deemed good and sufficient." He explained to the historian James Truslow Adams that the material for a serious autobiography was so confidential that it should remain closed for a minimum of fifty years; besides, "one would not wish to hurt the feelings of any child or grandchild of one of those referred to unkindly or with bitterness in any of these [documents]." Yet, in the nineteen-fifties, when Robert H. Ferrell was preparing a book on the origins of the Kellogg-Briand Pact, a rumor, still to be verified or contradicted, had it that shortly before Butler's death a secretary went through his papers and destroyed many items of importance.

A large proportion of Butler's time away from Columbia was spent in delivering speeches. Butler, like Winston Churchill, a friend with whom he has been compared, was a natural on the speaker's platform. Speaking gave him the feeling of exhilaration and pride born of complete self-mastery and command of an audience. Wherever he rose, the robust physique, erect posture, and striking headpiece immediately riveted the audience's attention, even an audience of rambunctious Columbia undergraduates protesting the suspension of football in 1905. As he spoke, the words flowed at a steady pace, in a cultured diction, and in a rich resonant voice. All too often, however, the effectiveness of these gifts was diminished by his method of preparation. With the exception of those speeches intended for very special occasions, Butler was too busy and apparently too confident in his own powers to prepare speeches carefully. Shunning that alter ego of the harried executive, the professional speech writer, Butler's normal procedure

was to review the subject in his mind an hour before delivery, perhaps rehearse it with an aide, and then speak extemporaneously, having a stenographer from the Master Reporting Company transcribe it in shorthand. The results of this method of preparation were predictable, especially since he seldom revised the text of speeches before sending them to the printer. Some observers, not unfriendly by any means, maintained that, upon hearing the first paragraph of a Butler speech, they could write the remainder themselves. The sheer volume of his speeches and his readiness to give them were a perennial source of humor at his expense. The columnist Heywood Broun recalled a bit of the conventional wisdom from his days at the Horace Mann School (also founded by Butler) to the effect that Butler had a brass pole in his house down which he slid immediately upon receiving an invitation to address a meeting anywhere within the City limits.

Butler was a complicated man who revealed different facets of his personality in his public and private capacities; the late Professor Lindsay Rogers, whose oral history memoir provides many valuable insights, discerned "several Butlers." In reading the testimonials marking the stages of his career and unpublished accounts by associates it becomes evident that, however greatly he was respected for his accomplishments, as a public figure he was never really liked, much less loved. The image he projected was certainly *not* lovable; it was the image of a cold, condescending, complacent man exuding a *gravitas* worthy of a Roman patrician. Harold Laski informed Oliver Wendell Holmes: "Nicholas Murray Butler is today (1929) pompous, oily, snobbish." Professor James T. Shotwell, for forty years his colleague at Columbia and the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, recalled: "He had a very strong sense of dignity. I never knew him to unbend." Butler even criticized King Haakon of Norway for not acting regal enough!

His public image was that of an egoist. Innumerable actions con-

firm his certainty of, and pride in, his abilities and importance. For forty years he took pains that his biography, in a column-and-



Butler and his second wife, Kate, at the Beach Club,
Southampton, Long Island, July 4, 1943.

a-half of small type, should remain the longest in *Who's Who*, surpassing those of Joseph Stalin, Benito Mussolini, and Franklin D. Roosevelt. The number of foreign dignitaries with whom he was acquainted and corresponded furnished a particular source of

self-congratulation. In reviewing this aspect of his life, Butler recorded in *Across the Busy Years*: "I am astounded at the length and high significance of the list. It is literally true, I think, that . . . it has been my fortune to meet, to talk with and often to know in warm friendship almost every man of light and leading who has lived in the world during the post half-century." This is not to say that all celebrities enjoyed the pleasure of his company; for when visiting New York some employed all their cunning to avoid being "collected" by Butler and shown off at his home, 60 Morningside Drive, dubbed by students "the Social Register House." As with his speeches, jokes about his pride and social climbing abounded. One story making the rounds in the early 'thirties had it that, having arrived at the pearly gates, the spirit of Sigmund Freud was surrounded by angels. "Come with us quickly," they implored. "We want you to see God . . . professionally. He has been acting strangely. He has hallucinations. He thinks he is Nicholas Murray Butler."

Butler's personal relationships with the Columbia University community revealed a very different, more appealing, side of his personality. Possessed of a keen sense of obligation toward subordinates, he looked upon the University community as a kind of vast extended family. It is a misconception that he deliberately shied away from contact with the faculty; on the contrary, he knew many of them by name, even those to whom he had never been introduced, and took a personal interest in their wellbeing. How many university presidents nowadays would routinely visit the hospitals affiliated with their institutions to inquire after and spend time with any faculty who were ill? A shy man in many respects, he would take all kinds of trouble for a person, and put the University to expense, provided there was no publicity. Upon learning that a professor's widow was neglecting herself, he said to Virginia Gildersleeve, dean of Barnard College: "She doesn't get enough to eat, they tell me. Will you please arrange to have

her take her meals in Hewitt Hall? I will see that money is provided." When a particularly needy assistant professor of history approached him with his tale of woe, Butler allotted him twice the salary prevailing at his rank from the discretionary funds available to the President; and, Professor Carlton J. H. Hayes testifies, "there were a great many things of the sort."

When in the midst of his intimates, Butler became a changed man. Ever since he met as an undergraduate with the Witenagomot at Schnitt's Saloon at Forty-Ninth Street and Fourth Avenue, there to quaff tankards of icy beer, sing and tell tall tales, he had been an avid clubman. At the gatherings of the Century and other clubs, the mature Butler revealed himself a charming, genial person who craved human contacts. For forty years the leading spirit of the Occasional Thinkers, he opened their meetings—attended by the likes of Frederic René Coudert, a distinguished lawyer, and Governor Alfred E. Smith—by conducting the singing of "*Don't Let the Old Joke Die*." After lunch, the cry would go up for "the Sage," who obliged by reading a recent personal letter from a world leader and leading the ensuing discussion. Nor was it unknown for him to join in a circle dance with old friends to usher in the New Year.

Clubs provided pleasant interludes from work and, unfortunately, from home life. One hesitates to venture into his personal life, but in this case it is essential to a better understanding of the public figure. Butler's personal life, as near as can be ascertained, was not happy; it was filled with sadness, sorrow, and pain. Butler had married well. His first wife was Susanna Edwards Schulyer, daughter of J. Rustin Schulyer, head of the munitions firm of Schulyer, Hartley and Graham, and scion of the Schulyer and van Rensselaer families, leaders in politics and commerce since colonial times. Their wedding, celebrated in 1887 at the Schulyer estate at Bayonne, New Jersey, then one of the choicest residential communities of the metropolis, was a brilliant occasion attended by the

socially prominent throughout the East. A daughter, Sarah, destined for an active political life as vice-chairman of the New York State Republican Committee, was born to the couple in 1893.

Evidently Susanna was never robust nor enjoyed complete health. Years before Butler's rise to the presidency of Columbia, she had been stricken with a chronic illness that taxed her husband's emotional resources as heavily as his physical energies. Many were those "terrible days and nights," as he told Albert Shaw, editor of *The Review of Reviews*, when he walked with her "through the valley of the shadow of death" before she succumbed in January, 1903.

Here he was, a widower at forty, lonely, with a daughter of nine to raise, in addition to his innumerable academic and political responsibilities. When, therefore, his acquaintance with Kate La Montagne ripened into affection, and they were married in 1907, it appeared that his prayers had been answered. Seldom has a man been so mistaken about a woman. Kate was the cross he bore, and her influence upon his personality and career will have to be given its proper due by any biographer. To all appearances a perfect mate, gracious and attendant to the formalities required of a university president's wife, she was, according to Lindsay Rogers, "a babe"; Virginia Gildersleeve saw her as "a jealous, hysterical tyrant" before whom Butler cringed. Resentful of his attachment to his sister and brothers, she strove to drive them apart. She forbade his family to visit their home or to see him on a neutral ground, so that when his sister, Mrs. Mary Mahoney, came to his office in Low Library to wish him happy birthday, Butler stuttered: "You shouldn't have come here. Kate will find out about it." Worst of all, Kate, destined to remain childless, tried to come between Butler and the other female in his life, his daughter, who showed every indication of maturing into a poised, beautiful woman. As long as Sarah remained single and lived under his roof, Butler would allow nothing to come between them. But when she married and took



President Butler seated in front of Alma Mater at Commencement,
June, 5, 1945.

up residence in England, her stepmother made it plain that she was no longer welcome. The door of his home was barred to his daughter, and Butler dared not risk a confrontation.

Butler submitted to his wife's tyrannizing, even making excuses for her behavior. Given the moral standards prevailing earlier in this century, and the vulnerability of universities to anything smacking of "scandal," Butler may have felt that separation in any form would harm Columbia, something he was incapable of doing regardless of the personal consequences—but here we conjecture. Being so long deprived of a normal family life may actually have strengthened his devotion to work and, in spite of failing vision and hearing, his resolve to postpone retirement as long as possible. He was asked by Thomas J. Watson of IBM, the trustees' representative, to announce his retirement, effective October, 1946. His work finished, Nicholas Murray Butler died peacefully after a brief illness at Columbia Medical Center on December 7, 1947.

Santayana's Schooldays

RUDOLPH ELLENBOGEN

GEORGE SANTAYANA in his autobiography, *Persons and Places*, says that flowers and butterflies come into the world perfectly formed, but men are born like unbaked dough, half-shapeless and not yet what they are meant to be. The elementary education that helped shape Santayana into a leading twentieth century philosopher and poet took place in Spain and America; it included fist fights and satires on his teachers and culminated in his admittance to Harvard.

Josephina Borrás, George Santayana's mother, was born in Scotland to Spanish exiles whose changing fortunes took them to Virginia, Spain and then to the Philippines. It was there that Josephina met and married an American from Boston, George Sturgis, with whom she had five children. Ten years later, Sturgis died and the widow, fulfilling a promise made to her husband, took her children to Boston. During the American Civil War, she returned to Spain to visit childhood friends. There she married Augustín Ruiz de Santayana y Reboiro. In 1863 the couple had a child, Jorge Augustín Nichólas Ruiz de Santayana. We know him as George Santayana.

Civilization had left a faded but abiding mark on the Spanish city of Avila in which Santayana's education began. At the end of the nineteenth century, it was a neglected, cool, walled city that looked out to the Castillian Sierras across a broad valley of ploughed fields intersected with long straight roads, some lined with poplars and oaks. The sun turned golden the gray stones of the battlements, the ruined buildings, the nondescript huts and the piles of rubble left from the sixteenth century when Avila ceased being one of Spain's most wealthy and flourishing cities. Avila retained an ancient dignity; custom prevailed; there were markets

and fairs and traditional religious festivals. It was to Avila that young Jorge Santayana was brought from Madrid when he was scarcely three. Jorge's father, Agustín, hoped to persuade Josepha to remain with him in the more temperate climate that Avila



Avila with the foothills of the Castilian Sierras
in the distance.

afforded; she remained until 1869 when she again felt obligated for the sake of her first husband's children to return to Boston. She left her husband and six year old son in Spain.

Santayana's formal education began in a dark room in a public

building around the corner from his home in Avila. The students stood in circles around the teacher, probably just an older boy, and recited after him. Santayana could not remember any reading and writing, or questions and answers, but he recollects in his autobi-



Santayana at the age of eight.

ography, "I had two books: the *cartillia*, with the alphabet and the different syllables, with easy words following; and the catechism, perhaps in a later year. This was divided into two parts, one of Sacred History with pictures in it, of which I remember only Moses striking the rock from which water gushed; and Christian Doctrine, of which I remember a great deal, virtually everything, because it was evidently an excellent catechism, so that after learn-

ing it I have been able all my life to distinguish at first hearing the *sapor haereticus* of any dangerous doctrine.”

Santayana was reunited with his mother in conventional and commercial Boston in the summer of 1872. His father felt it was more advantageous for the boy to grow up with his mother in America. Boston, however, had a different atmosphere. In the summer, a stench arose from the mudflats and sewage of the Back Bay, as yet undeveloped and undrained as far as Copley Square. The Santayana house, 302 Beacon Street, at that time one of the last on the street, had an impressive view of the Charles River that sometimes compensated for the summertime odors, but it also had a view of squalid backyards divided by clotheslines and fences. In winter, there were icy blasts from the river which blew across the empty lots.

George, not yet nine when he arrived in Boston, knew no English. Susana, his half-sister, who was twenty-one, began to teach him his new language. In *Persons and Places* he recalls, “I learned some verses by rote, about a bird’s nest, out of a brightly colored and highly moral book for young children. They ended, as I pronounced them, as follows:

“You mahsthonoth in play-ee
Esteal the bords away-ee
And grieve their mahther’s breasth.”

In the fall, he was put in Miss Welchman’s Kindergarten on Chestnut Street where he made designs with colored worsted on cards with holes; and he improved his English, learning the word “pantheism” from a fellow classmate who was also too old for kindergarten. The next winter he went to the Brimmer School, a school filled with toughs, ill-will, and rowdiness, governed by the rattan, or other less severe punishments—being kept in after hours or stood in the corner. Here Santayana did not excel in the spelling bees, but because he was older and taller than his classmates, he be-

came a monitor sitting at a desk next to the teacher facing the class. For this show of favoritism, his classmates retaliated. Santayana defended himself, first with words and then with his fists.

Fortunately for Santayana, the prestigious Boston Public Latin School introduced, in 1874, a short-lived experimental eight year program (replacing the traditional six year). In the *Catalogue of the Teachers and Scholars of the Public Latin School in Boston* for 1878 the entrance examination is described: "Candidates for admission to the eighth class must be able to read simple prose fluently, to spell common words correctly, and to write simple sentences legibly from dictation; to distinguish the parts of speech; to perform readily any easy examples in the four simple rules of arithmetic, and in fractions; and must have a general knowledge of the geography of the United States." Santayana must have done more than participate in spelling bees and fist fights at the Brimmer School, for he passed the examination.

The object of the Boston Public Latin School was to prepare boys for college. At the time Santayana attended, the curriculum emphasized English language and literature and especially sight translation of the classics into idiomatic English. The 1880 *Catalogue* states, "Past methods of instruction have too often resulted in an accurate and grammatical rendering of good Latin into bad English. To lead students to understand and convey to others the meaning, aim, and spirit of an author; to grasp a language in its literary rather than literal features; to seize the spirit rather than the letter, is the object of the present methods of instruction."

The typical course of study for the full eight years would include such English works and authors as *Tom Brown's School Days*, *Two Years Before the Mast*, *Robinson Crusoe*, Hawthorne's *Wonder Book* and *Tanglewood Tales*, Macaulay's *Lays of Ancient Rome*. Selections from Whittier, Byron, Longfellow, Scott, Pope, Irving, Tennyson, Wordsworth, Milton and of course, Shakespeare were read aloud in class with emphasis on enunciation, accent, and articulation; and there was voice training, oration,

and elocution since most students were destined to become lawyers, ministers, and teachers. In Latin class the student read and recited selections from Nepos' *Lives*, Caesar's *Gallie Wars*, Salust's *Cataline*, Virgil's *Aeneid*, Cicero and Ovid. The students would also have four years of Greek, six years of French, and two years of German. Mathematics and science, and history and geography were not neglected, nor were drawing, music, and penmanship. And to ensure a sound body as well as a sound mind the boys had gymnastics and military drill.

In addition, in homeroom, Santayana probably had an "informal" declamation exercise five times a year, reciting from memory at least twenty-four lines of poetry or twenty lines of prose. The students were required to choose and recite a new passage at every recitation, one not used previously by himself or his classmates; but there is a story about one student who selected a boring and obscure passage to which teachers invariably did not pay attention. He recited this passage each time, changing the title at each declamation. Santayana, however, enjoyed declamation, for he could indulge vicariously in the imaginary drama of the speeches he recited. He would even take books home to read aloud in the privacy of his bedroom.

With what seems a rigorous course of study, what was it actually like in the Boston Public School? In *Persons and Places* Santayana admits, "I was bored. I hadn't enough to do or enough to learn. At school there was nothing but lessons; and lessons in a large class, with indulgent teachers and slack standards of accuracy, meant perpetual idleness. I could have learned twice as much in half the time, had a better pace been set for me and more matter. In the absence of matter, I dreamt on a hungry stomach." In his parody of the *Aeneid*, written while at the Latin School, we get a picture of classroom activity:

As when among a crowd of idle boys
At times arises playfulness and noise,
And spitballs fly around and beans and chalk—

For mischief lends them weapons—if in walk
 By chance a teacher, each his glee restrains
 The noise is hushed and guilty silence reigns.

Our picture can be further illuminated by an unpublished poem in a manuscript notebook entitled "Occasional Poems" in the Columbia Santayana Collection. Read on the occasion of his Latin School graduation dinner, he says of his fellow students:

Now here is Howes, so saucy and so pert
 When teacher blunders, so on the alert
 Who keeps up on them in an undertone
 A running commentary of his own,
 He often times will break a plucky lance
 In combat with a teacher's ignorance,
 When Groce talks case, or Moses tries to say
 That result should be expressed by may;
 And many an hour with this wrangling fill
 For e'en when vanquished teachers argue still.

* * *

And Cole, whose brain formed in the untrammelled West
 In schoolrooms doesn't feel itself at rest,
 But such impatient eager thoughts there
 They keep his hand forever in the air;
 And Richardson, who plagued the teachers so
 With questions and goings to and fro
 That now to him, they gratefully agree
 Faithful endeavour prizes to decree.

Santayana did not take schoolwork home since most of his preparation for class was finished during the one-hour study period. His free time was spent at the Boston Museum or Public Library where he read Oliver Optic's stories and Abbott's *Lives*, *Mary Queen of Scots*, and *Alexander the Great*. At home, he read Ruskin's *Stones of Venice* and perused the volumes of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*. In it, the article on architecture especially

inspired his drawing and daydreaming. Although there was not much family life, there was a brief period during which they read together in the evenings in Spanish from Cervantes (Spanish was the language spoken at home) or in English from Shakespeare.

His teachers at the Latin School were like most teachers, a mixture of young and old, good and bad, most of them being able to produce results and to maintain discipline, and most knowing their texts very well. The Headmaster, Moses Merrill, known as "Holy Moses," was a man of character and moral conviction. In Santayana's *Lines on Leaving the Bedford St. Schoolhouse*, his first printed poem, a copy of which was recently acquired by Columbia as the gift of Corliss Lamont, Santayana satirizes his teachers:

First, let the lordly Moses be her theme,
Of kindly heart, though, frowning, fierce he seem;
Though not so mighty as would suit his mood,
What power he gets he makes use of for good.

Old Charles J. "Cudjo" Capen, the French teacher, who taught from 1852-1909 at the Latin School, was one who both knew his subject and had his "crotchets." He would open his mouth wide like a "hippopotamus" and point with a pencil at the tongue, lips, palate, or larynx in demonstrating the exact method of producing perfect French sounds; he played thunderous voluntaries on the piano; and it was rumoured that he had married his son's fiancée:

Next, Farmer Cudjo, far behind the age,
Musician, linguist, moralist, and sage;
Who talks of everything but what he ought,
And knows so much that he can teach us nought;
Bound to display the treasures of his mind,
'T is hard a moment for the French to find;
So set on showing off his store of knowledge,
That there's a doubt if we get into College.

Arthur I. Fiske, the Greek master, a cultivated man who loved

his subject, was both clear minded and exceedingly shy and nervous. He stood on his tiptoes as he spoke, and he would wiggle his fingers, half in and half out of his pockets, as if groping for the next word. It was probably about Fiske that Santayana wrote in the *Lines*:

And next, O contrast happy and complete,
He whose great name I need not here repeat,
For nothing that my verse of him might say
Would to that name a worthy tribute pay.

Pauline Holmes in her *Tercentenary History of the Boston Public Latin School* informs us that he was a distinguished scholar who was loved and respected by his pupils.

After him is Latin instructor Joseph W. Chadwick:

who when he gets mad,
Shouts that our Latin is most "shocking bad,"
And then proceeds, in the most reckless manner,
To violate the rules of English grammar,
And now curtails study and Bible reading,
Neither our rights nor pious wishes heeding.

The English teacher, Byron Groce, nicknamed "Stuffy" by the students, is delineated in *Persons and Places* as an unconventional spirit whose "inner rebellion kept him from being sentimental, moralistic, or religious in respect to poetry; yet he *understood* perfectly the penumbra of emotion that good and bad poetry alike may drag after them in an untrained mind. He knew how to rescue the structural and rational beauties of the poem from that bog of private feeling." Plump and dapper, with a sparkle in his eye and a little mustache and beard,

The name of Stuffy I cannot pass by,
Good, jovial soul, who never can be dry,
But often cross; and whose uncertain mood
I think must be dependent on his food;

One day he's arbitrary, cutting, set,
The next the jolliest man you ever met.

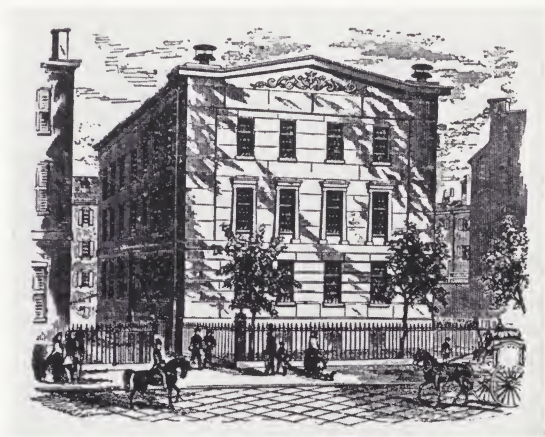
Benjamin O. Pierce, a junior master, lasted only one year at the Latin School:

And last and least is Pierce, just now let out
From College, with fresh knowledge armed throughout,
Who, when he's asked the lesson to explain,
Says with a smile it's all very plain.

The Bedford Street Schoolhouse, where Santayana attended, was the fourth home of the Latin School. Once ample and magnificent, it had grown shabby and squalid subjected to the use of time and the abuse of the boys. It had, in fact, worn out. In 1854, when the building was just ten years old, an addition was built on the top of the building to accomodate more students. The addition was connected by a dark, winding, dangerous, wooden staircase down which the boys in their boots would come thundering like an avalanche. There were other problems: the building was again too small to accomodate all the students, some of whom had to be housed in the old Primary School or the old Bowditch Schoolhouse a quarter of a mile away; the ventilation was poor; the large windows rattled in the winter and were difficult to open in the summer; innumerable lessons had turned the blackboards permanently white; the schoolyard was so small that the boys had to play in the street or go several blocks away to the Common; and Bedford Street was becoming an increasingly commercial thoroughfare with the noise of traffic and heavy teams of horses disturbing the students and teachers. After years of planning, a new building was built, the design of which won a prize at the Paris Exposition of 1878. The new school building on Warren Street, ready for the students by January 1881, was to remain the school's home until 1921.

In June 1880, two years before he was to graduate from the

Latin School, Santayana began to emerge as a poet and scholar. He won prizes for sight translation from Latin, French, and for an original poem, "Day and Night," termed by Santayana as "full of pessimistic, languid, Byronic sentiments." He began to be, what



Bedford St. Schoolhouse.

he calls "a personage in my own estimation. . . . That prize-day in June, 1880, in the old Boston Music Hall, marked my emergence into public notice. It abolished, or seemed to abolish my shyness and love of solitude. I could now face any public and speak before it."

The fall of 1880 was the beginning of Santayana's next to last year, and the Latin School was preparing to abandon the Bedford Street Building for the new one on Warren Street. Following his triumphs on Prize Day, Santayana joined a group of classmates in forming a debating society. At each meeting a different boy would propose a topic or resolution or state an opinion which was then debated. When Santayana's turn came he recited a satire on his teachers (quoted above). The club members enjoyed it and wanted it printed. The flattered young poet obligingly revised his work adding a "tirade" on the closing and demolition of the Bedford Street Schoolhouse. The "tirade," which became the first

part, naturally, shows knowledge of classical models; it scans well, and is not sentimental, which given the subject would be a danger to an even more mature poet.

On the final day before the school moved to its modern quarters,

That prize-day in June, 1880, in the old Boston Music Hall, marked my emergence into public notice. It abolished, or recanted to abolish, my shyness and love of solitude. I could now face any public and speak before it; and this assurance never forsook me afterwards, except when sometimes, in my unwritten lectures or speeches, I found myself out of my element, had nothing to say, or was weary of saying it. The dramatic practice of accepting a brief or developing an argument helped me for a time. I could be sincere and spontaneous in the logic of my theme, even if the ultimate issue were problematical; and in reviewing the history of philosophy this critical honesty is enough, and supplies the information and the dialectical training that are officially required. Nevertheless

I began to play a conventional part.

In reality I was always out of my element in teaching and in society, & was saying something forced.

A passage from the manuscript of Santayana's *Persons and Places* in which he writes of his growing self-confidence while attending the Latin School. (Lamont gift)

a Farewell Declamation was held in the auditorium of the Bedford Street building. As the students entered, they were surreptitiously handed the printed copies of Santayana's *Lines On Leaving the Bedford St. Schoolhouse*. About two or three hundred copies of the four-page pamphlet were printed; only four copies are now known to have survived. With many students having copies, it was not long before the masters heard about "a poem." Santayana recollected in a letter written on May 16, 1935 to Pauline Holmes, "Mr. Merrill ('Holy Moses') got wind that one of the boys had written a poem that occasion: would he please step up to the stage and read it. I stepped up, and with the presence of mind of a

future philosopher read only the first part, and sat down again." Santayana was no longer the lisping little Spanish boy; he now spoke with poise and a cultivated English accent.

The Farewell Declamation and Santayana were remembered in 1936 by Samuel W. Mendum, a classmate whom Santayana had once tutored in Latin: "What impressed me . . . was his scholarly mind. . . . Well, I've got to say it, all through that Latin School career of Santayana, I worshiped that scholarly mind. It was an inspiration to me and his schoolmates. It was easy to predict a brilliant future for him in real scholarship. And when he delivered before the assembled school in the old hall at the Bedford Street building on December 24, 1880—the last gathering in that building—a poem of farewell, we were thrilled with admiration."

Although Santayana read only the first part, it was not long before the remainder of the poem satirizing the teachers became public. The young poet mused on the reactions of his masters in his poem, "Teachers' Dialogue à propos of the 'Lines on Leaving the Bedford St. Schoolhouse.'" In this work, from his unpublished volume of "Occasional Poems," he imagines the Headmaster saying:

O what can be the meaning of all this!
 Those first lines are most like a Judas kiss
 That open to base treachery the way
 And seem to flatter only to betray!
 It shall not go unpunished as I live!
 Those wicked boys shall satisfaction give,
 And with a rod of iron I shall rule
 The ungrateful rebels rising in my school.

Other faculty members he imagined reacting with pedantic lectures or imprecations, but Fiske, Santayana fancied, would say,

Apparently perhaps it would seem best
 If all these things were quickly laid to rest . . .

◆ LINES ◆

On Leaving the Bedford St. Schoolhouse.

Forth from the seed by its first founders sown,
With rolling years, our good old School has grown ;
And, for the brighter future that now nears,
Its fifth and noblest home the City rears.
We hasten thither, with high hopes elate,
And leave the older schoolhouse to its fate.
No more shall those familiar sights and sounds,
There oft repeated, cheer its lonely bounds ;
No classic name shall henceforth greet its ear,
No Greek or Latin on the board appear ;
No sudden thunder the old stairs shall shake,
And with a palsied tremor make them quake ;
Month after month will pass, and yet no more
Shall be heard tales so often told before
Of Spartacus, Bozzaris, and the rest,
Or Toussaint l'Ouverture, of all the best.
The hum of voices during the recess ;
The romping that the teacher would repress ;
The merry groups that round the windows gather
Of all the day's events to talk together ;
The cheated silence, when the opening door
Lets in one of the boys—and nothing more ;
All these will disappear, and in their place,
Business this classic site will soon disgrace.

Yes, now we leave thee,—leave thee all alone
To ponder glories which thy youth has known :

The poet's first publication. (Lamont gift)

And a "chorus" advises that should the faculty respond with threats and punishments, the students' merriment would change to contempt.

During the Christmas vacation that followed the Farewell Declamation Santayana suspected that the teachers were angry and upset. After discussing the matter with his family, he went to Headmaster Merrill at home to offer an explanation and to extend an apology. The Headmaster dealt with the matter rather mildly suggesting only that Santayana send written letters of apology, especially to Chadwick, the Greek teacher, who was quite offended. When school resumed at the new location on Warren Street, Merrill made a long speech to the assembled students and faculty; and the matter became part of the history of the Latin School.

Santayana went on to a successful final year at the Latin School, was elected Major of the School Battalion and was appointed by Headmaster Merrill, Lieutenant Colonel. In the newly founded *Latin School Register* Santayana published a long parody based on the *Aeneid*, a sonnet on the death of President Garfield, and a number of other prose pieces and poems. Finally he won six honorable mentions in the Harvard entrance exams. The eight years at the Boston Public Latin School had helped prepare Santayana for Harvard and shape his future as a philosopher, a master of English prose style, and a poet.

EXHIBITIONS IN BUTLER LIBRARY

September 24—December 15

Gifts for 1975

December 18—February 27

Singers and Musicians

From the Constance Hope Collection

Our Growing Collections

KENNETH A. LOHF

Berliner gift. Mrs. Constance Hope Berliner, founder of Constance Hope Associates, a firm representing concert and opera artists, has presented the extensive files of papers, correspondence, photographs and memorabilia documenting her association with performing artists during the past forty years. The more than three thousand letters and papers and two thousand photographs relate to the careers of some of the most important musical artists of the twentieth century, including Rose Bampton, Jascha Heifetz, Lotte Lehmann, Erich Leinsdorf, George London, Jeanette MacDonald, Alicia Markova, Lauritz Melchior, Grace Moore, Jan Peerce, Ezio Pinza, Lily Pons, Eleanor Steber, Italo Tajo and Alfred Wallenstein.

Cane gift. Mr. Melville Cane (A.B., 1900; LL.B., 1903) has added the following to the Library's collection of his literary papers: the manuscripts and drafts for his poetry lectures; letters and manuscripts relating to his recently-published volume of poems, *Snow Toward Evening*; a group of twenty-five letters from William Jovanovich, Muriel Rukeyser, Lewis Mumford and other writers and editors; seventeen books and issues of periodicals containing his poetry and prose contributions; and sixty first editions, including copies inscribed to the poet by Sinclair Lewis, Gorham Munson, Lewis Mumford and Jan Struther.

Carver gift. Mr. John A. H. Carver has presented a group of eleven first and fine editions of literary and historical works ranging from the sixteenth to the twentieth centuries. Noteworthy among the works donated are the following: Samuel Butler, *Hudibras Compleat*, London, 1700; Hugh Hamilton, *Philosophical Es-*

says, London, 1772; and Jodocus Lorichius, *Grammatices Latinae Commentarii e Praestantissimis eius Scientiae Autoribus*, Igoldstadt, 1570. The copy of Vincenzio Piazza, *Bona d'Affrica Espugnata da' Cavalieri di S. Stefano*, Parma, 1743, once belonged to the English romantic poet, Robert Southey. His signature and the date, 1799, appear on the title-page, and his bookplate is attached to the verso.

Collins gift. Professor George R. Collins has donated a group of twenty-four first editions of literary works, among which are the following: Will Carelton, *City Legends*, New York, Harper & Brothers, 1890; Dante Gabriel Rossetti, *Poems . . . With Illustrations from his own Designs*, New York, G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1903; Frances A. Trollope, *Petticoat Government: A Novel*, Paris, A. and W. Galignani, 1850; and Lew Wallace, *The Prince of India*, New York, Harper & Brothers, 1893. Of special importance among the volumes in Professor Collins's gift is the rare first edition of Georges de Scudéry, *Alaric, ou Rome Vaincuë: Poëme Heroïque*, Paris, Augustin Courbé, 1654. This handsome folio edition, bound in contemporary full calf, is illustrated throughout with full-page engravings by François Chauveau.

Dames gift. Mr. Ralph J. Dames has presented the following three literary works for inclusion in the rare book collection: Rudyard Kipling, *Plain Tales from the Hills*, New York, M. J. Ivers & Co., 1890, in original printed wrappers; Henry Wotton, *Reliquae Wottonianae*, London, 1651, with engraved portraits; and Izaak Walton, *The Lives of Dr. John Donne, Sir Henry Wotton, Mr. Richard Hooker, Mr. George Herbert*, London, 1670, the first collected edition. In the last-named work the text on the errata leaf is corrected in Walton's hand.

Griffin gift. Mr. Charles C. Griffin has presented the papers of the late Dr. Evarts Boutell Greene (1870-1947), the distinguished

American historian who served as De Witt Clinton Professor of History at Columbia from 1923 to 1939. The papers date from 1893, the years Dr. Greene studied at the University of Berlin on a Harvard University fellowship, and they document his associations with Columbia, the University of Illinois, the American Historical Association, the Illinois State Historical Library, and numerous other associations and learned societies. The collection includes correspondence with his colleagues in the field of American history, including Dixon Ryan Fox, A. M. Schlesinger, Nicholas Murray Butler, Samuel Eliot Morison, Walter Lippmann, Allan Nevins, Robert L. Schuyler and James Truslow Adams. In addition, the papers contain the notes and manuscripts for Dr. Greene's books and articles, as well as clippings and reviews.

Jacobson gift. Mr. Herbert L. Jacobson (A.B., 1936) writer and diplomat, has established a collection of his papers with the gift of more than three hundred letters which he has received over the past thirty years from Mario Praz, Jacques Barzun, David Stacton and Lionel Trilling.

Jaffin gift. Mr. George M. Jaffin (A.B., 1924) has presented a group of eight autograph letters and one postcard written in 1936 by Arthur Rackham to Robert Partridge, mainly concerning Rackham's designs for Partridge's bookplate. Also included in Mr. Jaffin's gift is an autograph postcard written in 1929 by Arthur Machen to Frank Hollings.

Kahn gift. Mr. Max Kahn has donated a group of photographs, clippings, obituaries, postcards and printed works relating to the New York art dealer, Curt Valentin. Included in the gift is a group of seven photographs of Valentin's apartment, taken in August 1954, very shortly after the art dealer's death, showing his noted private collection of paintings and sculpture still in place and in-

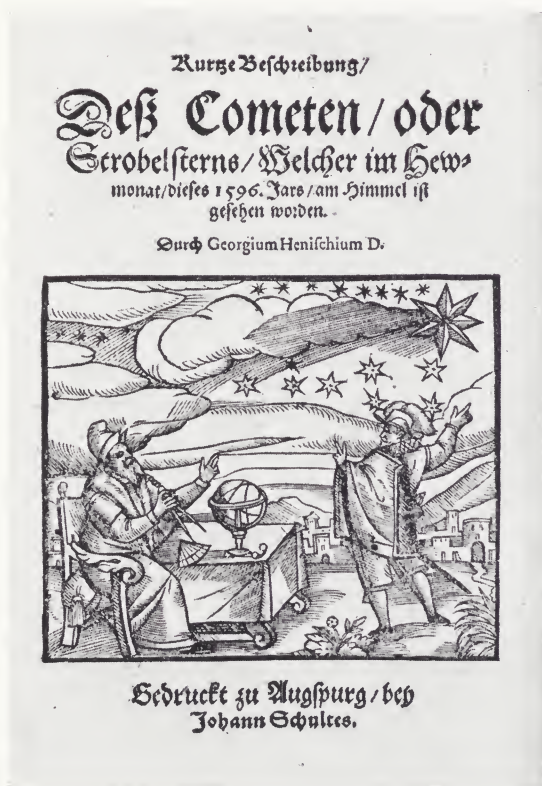
tact. Mr. Kahn's gift also includes a partial file of *Der Querschnitt*, a rare and important literary and art magazine published in Berlin in the 1920's.

Lamont gift. Dr. Corliss Lamont (Ph.D., 1932) has made a distinguished addition to the George Santayana Collection in his recent gift of a copy of Santayana's rare first publication, *Lines on Leaving the Bedford St. Schoolhouse*, a four-page leaflet printed in Boston in 1880, believed to have survived in only a few copies. Accompanying the leaflet is a letter written by Santayana to Pauline Holmes on May 16, 1935, in which he recounts the writing, public reading and printing of the verses written when he was a seventeen-year-old student. Rudolph Ellenbogen has written elsewhere in this issue on this period of Santayana's life.

Dr. Lamont has also donated a group of five letters written by Santayana's mother and sister. Two of the letters were written by Santayana's mother, Josephina, to her brother-in-law, Robert Sturgis, in one of which dated March 28, 1864, she mentions the birth of George; and three letters written by Santayana's sister, Susana Sturgis de Sastre, all of which discuss the philosopher's writings and activities in frank and sometimes critical terms.

Macy gift. Mrs. Helen Macy has established a collection of the papers of her husband, the late George Macy, founder of the Limited Editions Club and the Heritage Press. Comprising approximately 2,500 items, the gift collection contains letters, documents, photographs, awards, and printed materials documenting Mr. Macy's publishing career, including his years with the Nonesuch press, dating from 1941 to 1960. The correspondents include many of the Macys' close friends, including Peter Beilenson, William Rose Benét, Clifton Fadiman, Christopher Fry, Lillian Gish, Alec Guinness, Fritz Kredel, Frederic and Florence March, Francis Meynell, Bruce Rogers, Louis Untermeyer, Carl Van Doren and Lynd Ward. Mrs. Macy's gift also contains some thirty engrav-

ings, lithographs and drawings relating to the volumes they edited and published. Very attractive and important are the five original watercolors by Lynd Ward illustrating scenes from Tennyson's



Title-page of Georg Henisch's *Kurze Beschreibung dess Cometen*, 1596. (Pepper gift)

Idylls of the King, each of which is inscribed to George Macy by Ward.

Pepper gift. In memory of his late wife, Dr. C. Doris Hellman Pepper (Ph.D., 1933), Mr. Morton Pepper has presented the dis-

tinguished collection of books on mathematics and astronomy which she collected in the course of her researches in the field of sixteenth and seventeenth century science. The 116 titles in the gift were written by some of the most important scientists in this field, including Georgius Agricola, Petrus Apianus, Bartolomé Barrientos, Joachim Camerarius, Hieronymus Cardanus, René Descartes, Thomas Erastus, Galileo, Oratio Grassi, Cypriano Leovitius, Marcus Manilius and Giovanni Vitratio. Many of the pamphlets and tracts in the gift collection relate to comets, particularly that which appeared in 1577. The rarest among this group is the work published by Laurence Johnson in London, *Cometographia quadam Lampadis aëriæ quæ 10. die Nouemb. apparuit, Anno a Virgineo partu 1577*. Issued under the pseudonym, L. Bariona, and printed by Robert Walley in the same year as the comet appeared, the work is known in only two other copies, one at Harvard and the other at Oxford. The single manuscript in the gift is a group of twenty-one essays collected by Giacompo Castelvetti, an Italian publisher who worked in Elizabethan London. Entitled "Selva di varie nobili scrittori," the manuscript is dated 1595, and contains miscellaneous essays concerned primarily with diplomatic relations; but it also includes transcriptions of letters between Castelvetti's contemporaries, Tycho Brahe and Gaspar Peucer, dealing with the nova of 1572.

Pratt gift. Dr. Dallas Pratt (M.D., 1941) has presented two early eighteenth century books distinguished by their fine bindings. The first of these, Sir William Dawes, *Sermons Preach'd upon Several Occasions*, Cambridge, 1707, is bound in full red morocco, richly gilt-tooled in an elaborate cottage style. This handsome volume is from the library of Sarah Churchill, Duchess of Marlborough, and inscribed by her on a preliminary leaf, "S. Marlborough, 1707, given me by Sir William Dawes." Dawes was the chaplain to Queen Anne. The second volume in Dr. Pratt's gift,

John Sharp, Archbishop of York, *Fifteen Sermons Preached on Several Occasions*, London, 1701, is bound in full red panelled morocco with Dutch floral endpapers. It contains a contemporary signed inscription by an Anne Juory on the front fly leaf, dated January 1705/6.

Publishers' Library Promotion Group gift. The Publishers' Library Promotion Group, an association of trade book publishers organized to promote sales of books to libraries and schools, has selected the Columbia Libraries as the repository for its files and records. The initial gift includes the correspondence, reports and financial records covering the period, 1961-1971.

Sandor Estate gift. Through the courtesy of Messrs. John W. Kraus and Francis Van Praag, and Mrs. Toni S. Smith, we have received from the estate of Marian and Paul Sandor a collection of more than six hundred volumes consisting of works of fiction, history, art, drama and philosophy. Included are sixteen first editions of the works of Robert Nathan, several of which are inscribed by the author to the Sandors, as well as first editions of the writings of Conrad Aiken, Struthers Burt, E. E. Cummings, Bret Harte, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Ogden Nash, A. Edward Newton, Robert W. Service, Algernon C. Swinburne, Sara Teasdale and Eleanor Wylie.

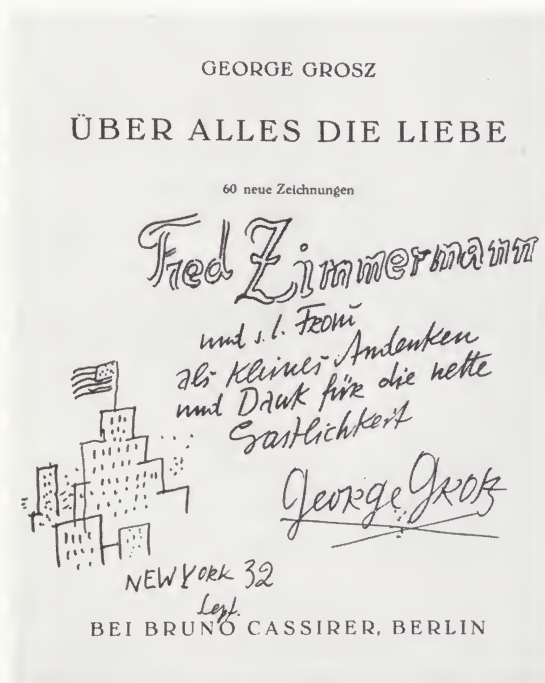
Seegal gift. Dr. Beatrice C. Seegal has donated a group of four works in memory of her husband, the late Dr. David Seegal, who taught at the College of Physicians and Surgeons from 1928 on, and served as Professor of Medicine from 1951 until his retirement in 1967. Included in the memorial gift are the following: Claudius Claudianus, *Opera*, Amsterdam, 1760; Horace Greeley, *The American Conflict*, Hartford, 1864-1866, two volumes; Isaac Newton, *Principia*, New York, Daniel Addee, 1848; and Henry M. Stanley, *Through the Dark Continent*, New York, 1878, two volumes.

Taylor gift. Mr. Davidson Taylor has established a collection of his professional papers with the gift of the group of fifteen journals which he wrote from 1959 to 1964, the period during which he served as the director of the Arts Center Program at Columbia.

Wagner gift. Mrs. Phyllis Cerf Wagner has established a collection of the papers of her late husband, Bennett Cerf (A.B., 1919; Litt.B., 1920), the distinguished American publisher and co-founder with Donald S. Klopfer of Random House. Included in Mrs. Wagner's gift collection are the following: Bennett Cerf's personal correspondence files covering the years, 1929-1945, and comprising nearly two thousand letters and papers; the manuscripts and proofs for his books, *The Laugh's on Me*, *Treasury of Atrocious Puns*, *The Sound of Laughter* and *Stories to Make You Feel Better*; photographs, certificates and awards; files of the Random House and Modern Library catalogs and brochures from 1925 to 1971; and more than one thousand letters written to Mrs. Wagner at the time of Bennett Cerf's death in 1971 by authors, publishers, government officials and public figures, including Fred Astaire, Louis Auchincloss, Jack Benny, Cass Canfield, Truman Capote, Joan Crawford, Averell Harriman, Alfred Hitchcock, John Edgar Hoover, Hubert H. Humphrey, Alfred A. Knopf, John V. Lindsay, Rod McKuen, Philip Roth, Eric Sevareid, Arthur O. Sulzberger, John Updike and Robert Penn Warren.

Zimmermann gift. In memory of her husband, the late Frederick Zimmermann, Mrs. Zimmermann has presented a collection of his letters and books. A double bass player with the New York Philharmonic from 1930 until 1966, and a teacher at the Julliard School of Music, Mr. Zimmermann also studied painting with George Grosz and was the friend of numerous artists, most notably those associated with the group of German painters known as "Der Blaue Reiter." He assisted in the planning for the important New York exhibition of their work at the Curt Valentin Gallery in De-

cember 1954, and much of the correspondence in the gift relates to this exhibition. Included are letters from Albert Bloch, David Burliuk, Mrs. Nina Kandinsky, Paul Klee and Gabriele Münter, as well as files of correspondence with George Grosz and the



Inscription by George Grosz to Frederick Zimmermann on the title-page of the artist's *Über alles die Liebe*. (Zimmermann gift)

American sculptor, John B. Flannagan. Mrs. Zimmermann's gift also includes inscribed editions of works by Grosz, Max Beckmann and Oskar Kokoschka, including Grosz's *Ecce homo*, 1923, and *Über alles die Liebe*, 1930, the latter inscribed by the artist on the title-page with a pen drawing of New York skyscrapers, on the tallest of which is flying an American flag.

Activities of the Friends

Fall Meeting. Dr. Carolyn G. Heilbrun, Professor of English, was the principal speaker at the Fall dinner meeting held at the Faculty House on Thursday evening, November 6. The subject of her talk was "Biography and Sex." Dr. Gordon N. Ray, Chairman of the Friends, presided.

Finances. In the November issue each year, we report the total gifts from our members (both cash and "in kind") for the twelve-month period which ended on June 30. In 1974-1975, the general purpose contributions were \$17,970, and the special purpose gifts \$4,575, making a total of \$22,545.

The Friends also donated or bequeathed books and manuscripts, for addition to the research collections, having an appraised value of \$146,275. The total value of such gifts since the establishment of the association in 1951 now stands at \$2,028,185.

Aside from gifts, the association received income from the sales of paid subscriptions to the *Columns* and payments for dinner reservations. In the year of this report such receipts totaled \$2,639.

Membership. As of October 1, 1975, the membership of the Friends totaled 426. Since memberships include husband and wife, the number of individuals who belong to the association is 657.

Meetings. The winter meeting of the Friends, to be held on Tuesday, January 27, 1976, will be a late afternoon reception in Low Library Rotunda to celebrate the opening of the fiftieth anniversary exhibition, "Bennett Cerf and Random House."

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